

The Road To Hell

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The Road To Hell

by [SilverWing15](#)

Summary

(Is Paved with Good Intentions)

Companion Piece to A Fool's Paradise

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It wasn't supposed to be this complicated. When they'd started out it had just been the three of them, determined to make up for mistakes that only they knew about. They had the power, they had the ability, to fix things. Why would they stand aside and let things go to shit right in front of them?

There's a saying, about good intentions and roads to hell.

OR: Post Fool's Paradise, Sapnap contemplates

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It isn't the first time he's stayed up into the early hours of the morning staring at this footage. He's done this a lot, actually, now that he stops to think about it.

More than is healthy.

Staying up into the early hours of the morning staring at a three minute loop of security footage is probably unhealthy even once.

He still winds it back and lets it play again. The kid is huddled close to Siren's side, hunched in on himself, eyes fixed on the ground. Siren hardly seems to notice, strolling down the aisles of the grocery store like any average civilian. He tests the ripeness of some tomatoes.

For two months, this was his only sighting of the kid he'd promised himself he'd protect. He'd looked so scared, huddled on the floor of the mall, in his tattered, dirty clothes, his hollow cheeks. Clearly a kid with no one looking out for him.

Sapnap had sworn that he would, sitting there at the Angel's mercy, his emergency beacon pinging in his pocket.

It had all gone downhill from that moment.

Well, *everything* has been going downhill a lot longer than that, but that moment was a pretty steep turn.

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There's a saying, about good intentions and roads to hell.

They're certainly on one.

He doesn't blame Dream for saying yes, when the government had captured them and offered them the choice. Work for them, be the first *official* Heroes, with a capital "H" and everything, or get tossed in some dark hole to rot.

Dream has always been willing to sacrifice everything for them. To do anything for them.

So he said yes, and put that collar around his neck. Around all of their necks.

Sapnap wonders, sometimes, if getting tossed in a hole would have been better. Because they're allowed access to the government's resources, the government's information.

Sapnap knows where the Blade came from, what was done to him to make him what he is. He knows about the Angel, too. He knows why they're so very *angry*, and he understands.

Its terrifying how well he understands the path that led them where they are. Its terrifying because he knows he would follow in their exact footsteps if he was on their road.

The road to the hell they came from was not paved with good intentions.

But despite all of that, despite all of the wrath and vengeance and blood and *death* in their wake, there is also Siren.

The government may no longer be able to contain the Blade and the Angel, but they keep an eye on them. There are detailed records of how Siren came into their care.

And it is care.

A street kid, a starving kid who found the Angel of Death in a dumpster and walked away to tell the tale. A street kid who walked right back to the Angel of Death, because he was kind.

That's the kicker. Despite all the horrifying things that the Blade and the Angel are all too willing to do, they are kind. To a street kid, to their hostages, even. They aren't *cruel* unless you really earn it.

They protect their own.

And now the kid that Sanpap swore to himself he was going to protect is theirs. He let them walk away with him without even putting up a fight. He trusts that they will be kind to him, that they'll keep him safe.

He watches the footage again, remembering the gentle way Siren had wrapped his own coat around the kid's shoulders. He can see it, now. He isn't blind to the kid's turmoil as they walk through the aisles. He's trying to pull him out of it.

The kid flinches when Siren lays a hand on his shoulder, but he also presses up into it.

They were never going to hurt him. They were never going to kill him.

The kid had pressed his cheek into the Angel of Death's palm without a hint of fear. Because he trusted their kindness too.

The door opens behind him, "Sapnap," Dream says, a little exasperated, a little unsure. He doesn't come in, he lingers in the doorway, unsure of his welcome.

Sapnap is unsure if he's welcome too.

They're heroes, they're *Heroes*, they're supposed to help people, protect people. But Dream hadn't been helping or protecting the kid when he'd forced him to heal George.

He'd been panicking, he'd been angry. He'd known all along what Sapnap had made himself blind to. The kid wasn't a prisoner, he was *family* to Siren, to the Blade, to the Angel of Death. He's one of them.

Dream has always been willing to do anything for his own family.

Even nearly kill a kid because he's on the wrong side of a line Sapnap isn't sure can really be drawn.

Even sell them into the government's hands to keep them out of the government's prisons.

(To keep them out of worse than the government's prisons.)

Even uphold a disgusting, horrifying tangle of rot and evil and corruption.

For them.

Dream never used to be as angry as he is now. As willing to jump to violence. Sapnap has never been worried that he'd kill someone innocent before.

Sapnap wonders how much further Dream will fall on their behalf.

"Sapnap?" Dream says, he takes a hesitant step into the room, "its late."

"Yeah," Sapnap agrees.

"You should get some sleep."

"You can just juice me if we need to fight," Sapnap says. Most people think that Dream's power is just putting people to sleep. They don't realize the depth of it. Dream controls energy. Usually he just takes enough to knock someone out. Gives enough to keep the team going.

Most people don't realize that Dream's hands are just as capable of killing as the Angel's.

"That's not a substitute for real sleep," Dream says, "its bad for you to stay up this long."

"Lots of things are bad for me," Sapnap says.

"Please get some sleep," Dream says softly, cautiously laying a hand on Sapnap's shoulder.

Sapnap sighs, "alright."

"Thank you."

"You get some sleep too."

"I'll try," Dream murmurs. "I'm gonna be down in the med-wing."

Where they've moved George. Its safe to move him now. His prognosis is good, now. It had nearly cost the kid his life. If Dream hadn't been there to give him energy he would have died.

If Dream hadn't been there to demand that he heal George, George would have died.

If they hadn't fought the Angel and the Blade, George wouldn't have been in danger.

If Dream hadn't sold them all away to the government, they would be locked away in cells.

If Sapnap had never lost control of his powers, they would never have tried to right the wrongs, to reset the scales.

So many chances for this road to take them somewhere other than hell, but they've missed all the exits now.

There's only the straight shot down.

End Notes

You can find me on tumblr at technobladesbasement

If you're inspired to create anything based on my fics, art, writing, interperative dance you have full permission to do it. Inspiring other people to do stuff is my favorite thing.

If you saw typos no you didn't <3

I love comments but I am shit at replying to them, sometimes Maddie or Zambo will reply for me because they are blessed, wonderful people who know I have so much anxiety. So much. but I love all comments regardless and I thank everyone who leaves me one, they brighten my day

Works inspired by this one

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